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Mammon in Verseland

OR

The Power of Money

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Mammon in Verseland

OR

The Power of Money

BY

GEORGE WASHINGTON NIMS

Author of "A Keepsake More Precious Than Klondike Gold," "Golden Lines of Wisdom for the Young," "Uncle Reuben's Adventures Abroad," "Nims's Humorous Question-Book," "Friendship and Home in Poetry and Song," "The Deserted Farm," "Sweetheart and Wife in Poetry and Song," "Forsaken by the World," "The Quartrain Instructor of Youth," "Nims's Humorous Epitaphs," "Mother in Poetry and Song," "Human Nature in Public and Private Life," "The Counsellor of Youth and Friend to Old-Age," "The Declining Village," etc., etc.

BOSTON, MASS.:
PRESS OF E. L. GRIMES COMPANY
122 PEARL STREET

PS3527
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1908

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Two Copies Received
JUL 10 1908
Copyright Entry
July 10,1908
CLASS A XXc. No.
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THERE'S NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF MONEY.

In all your wandering thro' this vale of life,
In all its varied scenes of light and shade,
In sunshine or in tempests wild and drear,
At home or in the busy marts of trade;
Upon the land or on the ocean blue,
In trying times or in prosperity,
In days of dark despair or seasons bright—
Where'er your earthly dwelling-place may be—
You'll find there's nothing takes the place of money.

Chorus:
My boys, roam where you will, live where you may,
However wise, however good you be;
Tho' you a spotless reputation boast,
Or on you sweetly smiles prosperity,
You'll find there's nothing takes the place of money.

Tho' your fair name be known the wide world o'er,
Tho' gifted or tho' clever you may be,
However great, however kind and good,
However brave you seem on land or sea;
Tho' honors or tho' virtues fitly crown
Your noble efforts for mankind on earth,
Tho' world-wide be your reputation here,
Tho' royal or tho' humble was your birth,
You'll find there's nothing takes the place of money.

Tho' you a Christian be or sinner vile,
Tho' in a city or a ville you dwell,
Tho' poorly or tho' gaily you may dress,
Tho' men may wish you ill or wish you well;

Should glory, honor, worth and fame be yours,
With every earthly boon that men hold dear,
Tho' all your fondest hopes be realized
And all your noblest wishes blossom here,
You'll find there's nothing takes the place of money.

Tho' every cherished want be gratified
And every fond desire be granted you,
Tho' naught but joy and pleasure on you smile
Or those you dearly love ne'er prove untrue;
Tho' countless blessings fall upon your head
And all your aspirations bud and bloom,
Tho' happiness and friends your journey cheer
Along life's winding highway to the tomb,
You'll find there's nothing takes the place of money.

PURSE PRIDE.

Alas! on my poor relatives
To call, I never care,
Because they dwell in quarters mean
And often poorly fare.

Because they never dress in style,
Or live, lo, as they should,
I think I ought to shun them e'en
When they are kind and good.

I know not how it seems to want,
For I with plenty dwell,
And on my right hand and my left
Friends love to wish me well.

So why ought I to notice those
That I look down upon,

Who never wear—'tis sad to say—
A decent coat or gown?

One must be well supplied with gold
And live on a swell street,
On whom I'd deign to call, or e'en
In public warmly greet.

I must uphold my dignity
Tho' I on justice tread,
And never mingle with the poor
Till I to pride am dead.

Thus shall I act while I'm well off—
How foolish it may seem—
E'en should the wise believe my brain
With folly's seeds must teem.

IF YOU HAVE GOLD AND WISELY LIVE.

If you have gold and wisely live,
You will respected be,
And thought more of than one who fights
The ills of poverty;
At home—abroad, lo! everywhere
That money is admired,
Who for its worth and mighty power
To talk are never tired.

If you have gold and wisely live,
You can be well supplied
With this world's goods and in a home
With plenty blest, reside;
And move in good society,

Where the well-dressed appear,
And be looked up to by the friends
Who seem to you so dear.

If you have gold and wisely live,
The world will stand by you,
And for your comfort and your weal
Be not ashamed to do;
Then dudes do 'bout your greatness blow
And of your fortune boast,
And, when 'tis possible, are glad
To have you for a host.

If you have gold and wisely live,
You will be welcome everywhere
The poor would strive in vain to be—
In mansions rich and fair;
For gold makes one important feel
And charms the proud and vain,
Who, but for it, to plenty's courts
Would not an entrance gain.

If you have gold and wisely live,
You can and will do good,
And when it is your duty to
Don kindness' sunny hood;
Giving to aid those objects that
Uplift, reform and cheer—
Striving to make life's pathway seem
To the oppressed less drear.

If you have gold and wisely live,
You'll not to self be wed,
Or with the mean and miserly
Desire to make your bed;

But you will for your neighbor care—
Regardless of his creed—
And nobler feel when you have done
A kind and worthy deed.

THE BLESSINGS GOLD BESTOWS.

The blessings gold bestows are rich
And numerous, indeed,
So those who never want, of life's
Good things are not in need.

Among its gifts are stately homes,
Where wealth and culture reign,
And those unknown to cruel want
With cheerful plenty train.

To those who love to noticed be
It is no slender reed,
Or a mere petty boon to one
Who sows ambition's seed.

Ay, influence and power it can
To many freely give,
And prove a factor powerful
To those who wisely live.

To those who are in need it can
The sweets of plenty bring,
And cause a life by penury cursed
With cheerfulness to sing.

It can misfortune's ills blot out
And drive the wolf away,
And cause one, whom ill-luck has marked,
His honest debts to pay.

In all the varied walks of life
It can of service be,
And, as naught else on earth, the poor
From hunger's grip dost free.

No earthly friend one ever finds
That can such blessings bring
To those who have rough rows to hoe—
That makes life seem like spring.

At home, abroad, where'er one roams,
No boon like gold he'll find;
For what can take its place, or be
To those who want so kind?

WHY FOOLISH ACT?

Why foolish act by envying the rich
When they in mansions dwell,
When they in costly coaches ride and men
Delight to wish them well?

Why foolish act by basely slurring one
Whom fortune smiles upon,
Who in the favored realm of golden wealth
In affluence was born?

Why foolish act by vainly striving to
Abolish wealth on earth,
By leaving understanding's sunny vales
To sit by folly's hearth?

Why foolish act by wishing ill to one
Whom mammon loves to please,
Because, to play the part of gentleman,
So well with him agrees?

Why foolish act by hating one who can
With affluence dine and sleep,
When consequently you, some day, the thorns
Of misery may reap?

NO! NO! YES! YES! YOU MUST HAVE MONEY.

No! no! yes! yes! you must have money
To live in style, to dine on honey;
For if you want you're not at all
More than a beggar on the mall;
Men pass you by while coxcombs shun,
And oft at your expense make fun;
Tho' you be good, upright and true,
They nothing want with you to do.

Chorus:
No! no! yes! yes! you must have money,
Tho' you be humble, proud or funny,
If you would o'er this wide world roam,
Or dwell with love and peace at home.

No! no! yes! yes! you must have money
If you'd be always bright and sunny,
If you would ever welcome be
At home or in society;
To win respect where'er you dwell,
To hear men say, "We wish you well!"
To be esteemed by those you love
And courted like the good above.

No! no! yes! yes! you must have money,
Tho' you be sober, wise or funny;

If you would all your wants supply
Or your ambition satisfy;
If you would be a favorite
And shine among the gay and bright,
Say what you may, do what you will,
Yes! yes! you must have money still.

A BOASTFUL MILLIONAIRE.

To-day I am a millionaire
  Of whom the world is proud,
That I believe will madly weep
  When I have donned the shroud.

Where'er I go folks flatter me
  And think I'm something great—
That I should be admired—since I'm
  An honor to the State.

I ask no odds of any one,
  But dine upon the best,
And in a mansion fair to view
  I find a bower of rest.

My many wants are all supplied
  And pleasure is my friend,
For which I often part with gold
  And lend a helping hand.

Now I am independent, friends
  Are multiplying fast,
Who years ago refused to bow,
  But by me quickly passed.

Now I don't care what people say,
Or what they think of me—
And never will while gold can make
Me independent be.

While money is the golden prize
The world is struggling for,
How often people backbite me
I needn't care a straw.

While gold is thought more of than brains,
Admirers I'll ne'er lack,
So long as I with ample means
My interests can back.

The world will bow and scrape and smile,
And love to favor me,
While I'm a man of wealth and far
Removed from poverty.

MISERLY.

Yes, yes! some call me miserly
Because I dread to give,
Or, possibly, because to save
I dare to meanly live.

I must confess that I am close—
In money matters—mean,
Or I with littleness, I'm sure,
Would not so oft be seen.

When one in need on me dares call,
Then I begin to shake
Like one removed half-frozen from
Some icy Arctic lake.

Why should I give to aid the poor?
What have they done for me?
I live myself like one who eats
The crumbs of poverty.

To one who rather lose a tooth
Than to part with a cent,
The needy never ought to come—
Not even when they're sent.

To selfishness I own I'm wed,
And hope I'll always be,
For I care naught how oft the world
May call me "miserly."

Alas! what I am living for
I own I cannot guess,
But it is not because I wish
My fellow-men to bless.

So, when I'm gone, the world will say:
"Another fool is dead,"
And, for aught that I know, 'tis plain
It will have wisely said.

IF I AM PENNYLESS.

Will servants at my bidding come
Or think of my welfare,
Or of me love to kindly speak
And for me really care,
If I am pennyless?

Will my relations bow and in
Me take an interest,
Or, when I choose to visit them,
Be called "an honored guest,"
When I am pennyless?

Will I a member be of clubs
Where gold and fashion reign,
Or to the mansions of the rich
An entrance quickly gain,
If I am pennyless?

Will I be by the well-to-do
Thought something of, at least,
Or in swell restaurants be seen
With millionaires to feast,
If I am pennyless?

Will those I love and venerate
Be not ashamed of me,
Or wish that time would faster fly
When in my company,
If I am pennyless?

Will I, however talented,
Be flattered by the proud,
Who seem to overlook the fact
That they must don a shroud,
If I am pennyless?

Will I be held in high esteem
By those who worship gold,
Or must I live like homeless tramps
And dine out in the cold,
If I am pennyless?

WHAT MAMMON'S POWER CAN DO.

Mammon can make it possible
For fools to honored be,
And cause those who from justice stray
To practise bribery.

It can cause weak and shallow minds
To sneer at one in need,
And often overwork the poor
To please the love of greed.

To act abusively, it can
Force cold and stony hearts,
Ay, on the stage of life to play
Unjust and foolish parts.

Many who fail to wisely live
It can bankrupt and curse,
And play a tyrant's part with one
Who has an empty purse.

It can set men upon their feet
Who dine with poverty,
And cause them to exchange poor cots
For mansions fair to see.

E'en nations it can influence
And rulers basely bribe,
And often twist the law to please
Those on injustice' side.

THE YOUNG ACT WISELY WHEN.

The young act wisely when they do
Not live for empty show,
But in the fields of usefulness
The seeds of wisdom sow.

The young do wisely act when they
Dare not bow down to gold,
When they have no desire to be
One of oppression's fold.

The young act wisely when they judge
By character—not wealth—
When they think more, ay, than of gold,
Of a good name and health.

The young act wisely when they do
Not care or long to hoard,
Or bow to greed or reckless act,
To be by folly gored.

WHILE YOU WITH WEALTH CAN DINE.

The good things of this life are yours
While you with wealth can dine,
No matter where you choose to dwell,
In cots or mansions fine;
You can with those who pleasure woo
Know how a good time seems,
And tour, lo, to your heart's content,
While you have ample means.

If you have a contented mind
And are from sickness free,

And distant roam unwelcome cares
With cold adversity;
You can with happiness abide
And fool your time away,
And recreation find among
The idle and the gay.

Enjoyments many may be yours,
And honors not a few;
And if you good-behavior court
You'll be respected, too;
For what like money can make one
So many friends possess?
Or give so many worldly gifts
To comfort, cheer and bless?

While gold is plentiful with you
And you uprightly live,
You can those envied blessings share
That only wealth can give;
And never be looked down upon
Like those who want have been,
But in high-toned society
With millionaires be seen.

A FRIEND TO MONEY BE.

If you would walk in wisdom's paths
And with good-sense reside,
You'll never basely hoard your gold
Or with a spendthrift side;
But how and when you spend it you
Will always careful be,
If you the blessings long to share
Of rich prosperity.

A friend to money you will be,
So long as you believe
In acting well your part, and you
Are not inclined to leave
Discretion's company for one
Who fires his scrip away—
That like a fool but rarely asks,
"Does wasting money pay?"

However large your income be,
Refuse to squander it,
Or to be seen in honor's courts
You are, indeed, unfit;
For when you throw your gold away
You part with a good friend,
That can in trying times to you
A helping hand soon lend.

Wherever you may dwell or roam,
A friend to money be,
While cheerful plenty you prefer
To friendless poverty;
While you aspire to prosperous be
And with the thrifty side,
And never lightly speak of gold
Or mammon's power deride.

WHAT MAMMON CANNOT DO.

Gold never can make you beloved,
Or sorrow from you keep—
However large your fortune be—
Tho' you should millions reap.

It cannot soften a hard heart
Or make men nobly live,
Or force you for the cause of truth
Your time and means to give.

It cannot make you follow in
The steps that Jesus trod,
Or force an unbelieving mind
To humbly worship God.

It cannot make you honest act,
Or force one to love you,
Whom you admire, nor to fair play
Compel you to be true.

When death draws nigh it fails to save
E'en those you love the best,
And helpless seems when they beneath
The sod are laid to rest.

So wise are they who do not say
That money's "all in all,"
Who at the feet of mammon do
Not wish too oft to fall.

QUARTRAIN.

Don't meanly act for mammon's sake,
Whoever you may be,
But say: "I'd rather be a man
Than to act miserly."

TIMELY COUPLETS.

Wealth ne'er oppresses when 'tis in
The hands of those who dread to sin.

O envy not the rich while you
To sense and justice would be true!

Who slurs the well-to-do may be
Lo! one who ain't from folly free.

One can be rich and not be mean,
And with unfairness ne'er be seen.

Love to instruct as well as entertain,
If you would wisdom's approbation gain.

A gentleman is not puffed up by gold,
Since he of sense will not leave go his hold.

Gold can make shallow minds like idiots act,
Like one devoid of gumption, sense and tact.

Think more of character, ay! than of gold,
If you desire to join uprightness' fold.

With bribery see that you have naught to do,
And daily with the truth your vows renew.

No man of honor is a friend to graft,
But many a fool who floats on folly's raft.

Never abuse old friends for gold,
Like one who has his conscience sold.

Shun those who at fair dealing grin,
While you would be a foe to sin.

You can afford to be to graft a foe,
And base corruption's seeds ne'er sow.

ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

Dishonest methods never use
  Or smile on ill-got gain,
Lest you, alas! some hapless day
  Your character should stain;
While in the paths of righteousness
  You wish to daily tread,
And to what can upbuild and bless,
  You would life's prospects wed.

Merely to please the love of gain,
  Refuse to steal or cheat,
While honor and fair play you prize
  And justice love to greet;
Lest you within some prison walls
  A jail-bird some day be,
And when too late you sigh in vain
  For peace and liberty.

While you a conscience clear can boast
  And an unsullied name,
You'll ne'er, to please ill-gotten wealth,
  Your sense of honor shame;
Tho' you with poverty must dine
  And with pale want reside,
You'll not allow dishonesty
  To be your boss and guide.

So to fair dealing be a friend
  Where'er you roam or dwell,
And see that all your acts and words
  For worth and justice tell;
Then on the safe side you'll be found
  With those who fairly deal,
Who frown on under-handedness,
  And safely guard their weal.

LAUGHING AT CHARITY.

Do not expect too much of one
Who laughs at charity—
Wherever he may roam or dwell,
Wherever he may be;
For he cannot with goodness walk
Or live as justice would,
Who heartlessly can sneer at one
That labors to do good.

Tho' in a mansion he resides,
And fortune is his friend,
While he to the unfortunate
A hand will never lend;
Tho' in a garret he abides
And hungry often feels,
And with his fellow-men he swears
He always fairly deals.

On a low plane he must abide
And a small soul possess,
And rarely be afraid to stray
From worth and righteousness;
And in the dirt of meanness plays
An undeserving part—
For he, alas! can justly claim
A cold and callous heart.

No monument to him the world
Will ever rear, or shed
A tear, as it would for the good,
When he is cold and dead;
Since he deserves to be forgot
Who worships selfishness,
And, like a fool, is wont to laugh
At those who cheer and bless.

THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

The mighty dollar I have found
To be man's surest friend in need,
When human friends have proved untrue
A never-failing boon, indeed;
When old acquaintances deceive
And those I love at me do stare,
It never fails to solace me,
At home, abroad, ay! everywhere.

To man's most trusted earthly friend,
When sick and sore on beds of pain,
For nurses kind and treatment fair
I've never, never sought in vain;
Wherever I have roamed or dwelt
I've found in it a faithful friend,
In cold misfortune's darkest hours,
Ready a helping hand to lend.

For me, man's surest earthly friend
Has never failed to win respect,
So long as I have justly lived,
Tho' plainly or tho' gaily decked;
In fashion's halls or on the green,
The world has firmly stood by me,
And oft my friendship kindly sought
Since I've from poverty been free.

When want and trouble dragged me down,
Man's surest friend soon rescued me,
When I had naught, a fortune gave,
Which freed me from adversity;
So I shall ne'er forget this friend

Or cease to prize, where'er I live,
The countless blessings it bestows,
That gold and only gold can give.

NOW I DON'T HAVE TO HANG MY HEAD.

Now I don't have to hang my head,
As I did long ago,
When seeds of want and poverty
It was my lot to sow;
For now I live in a fine house
And plenty smiles at me,
And those I love feel quite at home,
Lo! in my company.

Now I don't have to hang my head,
For fortune is my friend,
Who gladly any time for me
A helping hand would lend;
For I no odds of others ask,
But independent be,
So why should I look sheepish when
I dine with luxury?

Now I don't have to hang my head,
For I am looked up to,
No matter where I roam or dwell,
Whatever I may do;
For since a fortune fell to me
I'm welcome everywhere—
At least where'er I choose to call,
Now I so richly fare.

Now I don't have to hang my head,
For I can finely dress,

While money is a friend that can
A human being bless;
And while my bank account is large
And friends about me flock,
I'll look my neighbors in the face
And stand as firm's a rock.

IF PRINCIPLE IN PLACE OF MONEY RULED.

If principle in place of money ruled,
Alas! what startling changes men would see,
How many now who in fair mansions dwell
Would quickly fall upon the bended knee.
If fortune never smiled but on the just,
And life's good things could ne'er be purchased by
The godless workers of iniquity,
Who fortunes often gain thro' methods sly!

If only to the good wealth chose to bow,
To those who follow after righteousness,
How many now would leave their palace homes
Who live like kings and elegantly dress;
How many now who sleep in unmarked graves
Would honored be with monuments sublime,
If principle in place of money ruled
In this wide world so full of guilt and crime!

How many now would hang their heads for shame
If only character would diamonds buy,
If justice only fame and honor won,
Who carry now their haughty heads so high;
If only worth and strict integrity
Would affluence and earthly treasure win,
If at the righteous only gold would smile
And never on the followers of sin!

QUARTRAIN.

Not all whom fortune favors most
Are fond of doing good,
Or long to play a noble part
In life, as goodness would.

NOT FOR MONEY.

For money, never dare to steal
While justice you revere,
And honesty and righteousness
To you seem fondly dear;
Tho' want should stare you in the face,
Be honest night and day,
E'en when the pangs of hunger gnaw—
Remember, it will pay.

For money, never falsify
While truth to you seems dear,
Whilst right and honor you esteem
And to act meanly, fear;
While you abhor deceitfulness
And by fair-dealing stand,
And you can justly say that you
Belong to frankness' band.

For money, ne'er a fellow-man
E'en wish or dare to slay,
So long as you would wisely live
And with the upright stay;
While needlessly you do not wish
A good name to disgrace,
And base temptations any time
Are not afraid to face.

For money, never mar your name
Or awful deeds commit,
So long as you in goodness' courts
Be one who loves to sit;
While you in nobleness believe
And that right-living pays,
And you the good would gladly crown
With honor's cherished bays.

For money, never proudly act
Or put on silly airs,
Nor look down on a fellow-man
Who faded garments wears;
So long as you would nobly act
And with good-sense abide,
While you with what pertains to gold
Would with uprightness side.

THE MAN OF MEANS.

Who is so welcome anywhere
That men are wont to stray,
Or looked up to so oft—of whom
Folks have so much to say,
Ay! as the man of means?

In cities or in country towns,
Wherever you may be,
At home, or far away, who do
Men love so well to see
Ay! as the man of means?

Even in church and Sunday-school,
Who can you hope to find

Whose presence is so much desired,
Tho' homespun or refined,
Ay! as the man of means?

In good society to-day,
Who is so entertained,
Or talked so pleasantly about
As those who've fortunes gained,
Ay! as the man of means?

Who is so envied now, when gold
Is thought more of than God,
By those who flatter fortune's sons
And to the prosperous nod,
Ay! as the man of means?

Who can so much of pleasure see,
Or be so oft admired
By those who in the company
Of wealth are never tired,
Ay! as the man of means?

Who can so independent feel,
Or hold the head so high,
Or boast so many anxious heirs
Who long to have him die,
Ay! as the man of means?

JUDGE BY CHARACTER AND NOT BY GOLD.

If you would please the wise and good
And far from folly stray,
And on the stage of life a part
Worth acting nobly play,
Then judge by character and not by gold.

If you would sense and reason please
And nobleness applaud,
And never, never wish to be
Where error oft has trod,
Then judge by character and not by gold.

If you would righteousness uphold
And in fair play believe,
And thro' your foolish actions ne'er
The heart of honor grieve,
Then judge by character and not by gold.

If you dread to misjudge a friend,
Or would the good will gain
Of those who can act sensibly
And not their honor stain,
Then judge by character and not by gold.

If you would not unfairly act
Or wrongfully accuse,
Or needlessly the poor ill-treat,
Or decency abuse,
Then judge by character and not by gold.

If you with Jesus long to walk,
And on injustice frown,
And in an under-handed way
Would ne'er a brother down,
Then judge by character and not by gold.

If you would act impartially
And none desire to wrong,
And to the order of fair play
Wish always to belong,
Then judge by character and not by gold.

WHILE MANY THOUSANDS YOU POSSESS.

You never will be called a "tramp"
Or a "poor, worthless thing,"
By those, alas! who judge by gold
Or songs of penury sing,
While many thousands you possess.

You never will be forced to beg
Or hunger often feel,
But rather with the well-to-do
At plenty's altars kneel,
While many thousands you possess.

Want never will discourage you
Or make life drearier seem,
Or in the stilly hours of night
Bid you of misery dream,
While many thousands you possess.

Then you'll be thought more of than one
That want compels to beg,
Who in the shoes of poverty
Knows how to drive a peg,
While many thousands you possess.

However just and good one be—
'Tis sad to say, yet true—
If he is poor or oft in want,
The world will prefer you,
While many thousands you possess.

For gold is the "great thing" to-day
That mankind love so well,
So you will rarely want for friends
Wherever you may dwell,
While many thousands you possess.

THE SLAVE TO SELFISHNESS.

I never give away my gold,
  Or do a generous deed
To benefit a fellow-man,
  Or aid a friend in need;
So, while I live for "number one,"
  Why should I kindly act
While I had rather hoard than give
  And I'm by meanness backed?

By gosh! the brotherhood of man
  I care no more about
Than misers do of those in need—
  There's not the slightest doubt;
To benefit another, why
  Should I give gold away,
That I have labored hard to earn
  My needful bills to pay?

Of others' weal I seldom think
  Or how they daily fare,
Because, I'm willing to confess,
  For them I never care;
For I am wed to selfishness,
  And live for self alone,
Possessing an unfeeling heart,
  As cold as any stone.

When I am dead and gone, the world
  Will not feel very bad,
I guess, but those who labor to
  Do good ought to be glad;
For why should others madly weep,
  Or deeply feel for me,
Who in a selfish life believed
  And frowned on charity?

WHILE MONEY IS MY FRIEND.

I can afford to happy feel—
And I confess I do—
Now health and cheerfulness are mine,
And I'm to goodness true,
While money is my friend.

Acquaintances to me bow low
And love to sweetly smile,
And never lose a chance with me
A leisure hour to while,
While money is my friend.

Now those I long have known, delight
To quickly notice me,
And never fail, no matter where,
To treat me civily,
While money is my friend.

Now I can dine, lo, on the best,
I'm welcome everywhere,
For I can well afford—I'm sure—
To sumptuously fare,
While money is my friend.

Now I can fashionably dress
And live in mansions fine,
And with the rich and prosperous
At luxury's tables dine,
While money is my friend.

By want I'll never be annoyed,
But luxury will cheer

And beautify my home, and make
It seem to me more dear,
While money is my friend.

Do what I will, talk as I wish,
I can hold high my head,
And blessings numberless enjoy
And be to plenty wed,
While money is my friend.

WHAT MAKES YOU PUT ON AIRS?

[A Dialogue.]

Sam—What makes you put on airs and strut
Like one who walks in folly's rut?

Bill—Because with gold I'm well supplied,
And I with plenty now reside.

Sam—What makes you hold your head so high
When on the street you pass me by?

Bill—Because a fortune fell to me
When you was whaling on the sea.

Sam—We used to be good friends, you know,
Tho' I had a hard row to hoe.

Bill—There is a line between us now—
A line to which the wealthy bow.

Sam—Not every one gold can puff up,
For some with wisdom love to sup.

Bill—Alas! to please the world to-day,
Those who have gold must court display.

Sam—Better to act as wisdom would,
And to your fellow-men do good.

Bill—I'm selfishly inclined, you know,
So kindness' seeds I dread to sow.

Sam—You need not put on airs to please
The vain or fall down on your knees.

Bill—I rather show off than to live
As goodness would and freely give.

Sam—You can old friends treat civilly,
And from the haunts of meanness flee.

Bill—Above the poor I feel to-day,
Now I from want am far away.

Sam—What can you gain by acting so?
I fail to see—I'd like to know?

Bill—Lo! by the slaves to gold, I'll be
More highly spoken of—you see.

NO GREAT LOSS.

In Westmoreland, there used to live
A funny kind of man,
Who loved to haggle o'er a cent,
As none but misers can.

A man who dearly loved to hoard
And play the miser's part;
For he, alas! 'tis sad to say—
Possessed a stony heart.

He was a Reuben widely known—
And one but few esteemed—
His mind with tricks and schemes to save,
Alas! so thickly teemed.

Gold was the idol of his heart—
The only friend he had—
So when he had a bill to pay
It made him very mad.

One stormy night to his abode,
A heartless robber came,
When he was fast asleep—for he
Was there, of course, for game.

When he'd at length an entrance gained
And stood close by his bed,
Rube suddenly awoke—and then,
Alas! from fright fell dead.

No flags were flying at half-mast—
And why, alas! should they,
When he would like a bull-dog growl
When he'd a bill to pay?

Now what do people say who knew
That he was ne'er so cross
As when he had to spend a cent—
"His death was no great loss."

GOLD DREW THE LINE.

Between the rich and poor gold drew the line
That's never been erased,
And in the realm of wealth e'en stands by those
Who have their names disgraced.

Only the gifted have this line o'erleapt,
When bright their talents shone;
When they illustrious names could boast—well-known
In every clime and zone.

While fools believe that money makes a man,
This line must still remain,
And he who may think otherwise, to see
A change, will hope in vain.

Till mankind on a higher plane shall dwell,
Who can this line erase,
While pride and vanity and thirst for gold
Cling to the human race?

IN THE MAD RUSH FOR GOLD.

In this enlightened age of ours,
How oft in pain we read
Of sad and touching scenes—which make
The heart of justice bleed—
Upon the battle-fields of life,
So pitiless and cold,
Where oft we find a brother slain
In the mad rush for gold!

In this commercial age of greed,
What sights now meet our gaze!
What spectacles so sad to view
In these progressive days,
When men and women, stricken down,
Are left out in the cold
By some whom fortune smiles upon
In the mad rush for gold!

When men think more of gold than God,
Injustice brighter blooms,
While in the church-yards of the land
More numerous grow the tombs;
When men for earthly riches fight
And daily grow more bold,
Why wonder that the weak are slain
In the mad rush for gold!

While gold is worshiped night and day
By those who love success,
By one who dreams of mansions fair,
Of luxury and dress;
Why wonder, friends of truth and right,
'Cause many a conscience's sold,
'Cause many a life is sacrificed
In the mad rush for gold!

SPEND MONEY WISELY.

Spend money wisely, if you wish
To do as wisdom would,
While you desire to daily tread
The paths trod by the good.

Spend money wisely, if you would
Not play the part of fool,
While you, alas! would not belong
To penury's ragged school.

Spend money wisely, if you would
Some day be well-to-do,
If you to wise discretion would
Be always just and true.

Spend money wisely, while you dread
To sup with poverty,
While you with want and recklessness
Have no desire to be.

Spend money wisely, while you know
It is a friend, indeed,
While you see what it can do for
One in the hour of need.

Spend money wisely, lest you lose
What none can do without,
And, at those who must saving be,
Refuse to grin or pout.

Spend money wisely, if you would
Be one who looks ahead,
While you are one who ponders what
Has been by wisdom said.

Spend money wisely, lest you reap
The ills of recklessness,
Or plenty and prosperity
Your lot may never bless.

REFUSE TO ACT DISHONESTLY.

Refuse to act dishonestly,
However poor you be,
Tho' you be forced to dwell with want
And sup with poverty.

Refuse to act dishonestly,
In order to win gold,
While you would be of those who feel
At home in justice' fold.

Refuse to act dishonestly
While honor you revere,
So long as what ennobles man
To you seems doubly dear.

Refuse to act dishonestly
While punishment you dread,
And with the upright and the good
You love to daily tread.

Refuse to act dishonestly
While mother's name you love,
And meanness' under-handed ways
Are wont to feel above.

Refuse to act dishonestly,
Lest you your good name crock,
If you would out of trouble keep
And not right-living shock.

Refuse to act dishonestly
Because you would be rich,
And never 'low your love of gold
Your conscience to bewitch.

Refuse to act dishonestly,
And never wish to steal,
But at the shrine of righteousness
Be seen to daily kneel.

ONE MAY BE RICH.

One may be rich and harbor pride,
And look down on the poor,
When his unfeeling heart is foul's
A city's slimy sewer.

One may be rich and meanly grin
At the unfortunate,
And oft, alas! be seen to knock
At meanness' dingy gate.

One may be rich and know how to
The part of tyrant play,
And from the paths of righteousness
Be prone to widely stray.

One may be rich and worship greed,
And miserly become,
And rarely wish to music make
On kindness' cheery drum.

One may be rich and fail to be
Esteemed and honored by
Those who uprightly walk in life—
That to live nobly try.

One may be rich and oft oppress
Those whom they ought to aid,
And play an under-handed part,
Lo! in the marts of trade.

THE GOLD-STRUCK MAN.

The gold-struck man thinks more of gold
Than of aught else on earth,
Because, alas! it seems to him
Of such intrinsic worth;
No matter where he roves or dwells
He loves to think of it,
And hopes 'twill be his lot some day
With millionaires to sit.

The gold-struck man can loudly talk
When money is the theme,
And when 'twill boom his interests
He even dares to scream;
For he will not deny that gold
Seems precious to his heart,
That he is never pleased when from
It he is forced to part.

The gold-struck man dost sweetest smile
When money he is making,
When large amounts—'tis noised about—
That he is daily taking;
For he was taught in early youth
That money is the prize
Which one must win if he desires
Some day in life to rise.

The gold-struck man thinks less of one
Who has no faculty
For coining gold, and who from want
Is rarely ever free;
But loudly lauds those who know how
To dollars quickly make—
Since to naught else on mother earth
Is he so wide awake.

The gold-struck man gets all he can
And growls when asked to give,
Because, on a low plane for gold,
He's not ashamed to live;
So thus it is, and ever'll be,
While he dares idolize
What perishes, and ignores God,
Whom he should higher prize.

A MAMMON DIALOGUE.

Churchill—O Reuben! don't you wish that you
From want was wholly free,
So you might dine upon the best
And dress in style like me?
Since fortune on me wealth bestowed
I live like a proud king,
And do about's I please, and feel
As bright's a bird in spring.
Reuben—No, no! I much prefer to simply live
And to act sensibly,
Than to seem like a butterfly,
Tho' want should bother me.
Not all are rich—some will be poor—
So I'll not hang my head,
E'en tho' necessity should make
Me beg a loaf of bread.
Churchill—What can like money puff one up,
Or make him prouder feel?
So don't blame me because I choose
With vanity to kneel;
Because the seeds of foolishness
I am inclined to sow,
E'en if I spend my gold to please
The love of useless show.
Reuben—What do you care for me? So what
I think or dare to say
Would soon forgotten be by those
Who with the haughty stray;
For those who great possessions own
Upon the poor look down,
And, in the pools of selfishness
Their nobler natures drown.

WHEN I RETURNED A MILLIONAIRE.

Where I in childhood used to play
And flowers bloomed so bright and gay,
In a fair village, dear to me,
Where I in childhood loved to be;
Oh! what a welcome I received—
That pleased me like a hawthorn, leaved,
When I returned a millionaire.

How those who once had slighted me
And often shunned my company,
When in a humble cot I dwelt
And I sometimes with penury knelt,
Did shake my hands and sweetly smile
And with me loved the time to while,
When I returned a millionaire.

Of come account they thought me then—
A prize among the "upper ten"—
For there was naught too good for me
And none who shunned my company,
As I was then a favorite
With whom the proudest strove to sit,
When I returned a millionaire.

They could not do enough for me,
Or seek too oft my company,
For they had never dreamed that I
Up mammon's mount would climb so high;
So they were pleased to show me how
They could to wealth politely bow,
When I returned a millionaire.

I never can too grateful feel
To those who catered to my weal,

When in the ville my boyhood knew
Again its vales I wandered through;
Dining once more with friends of old
Who loved to brag about my gold,
When I returned a millionaire.

WHEN WEALTHY I BECAME.

When wealthy I became, the world
  Was pleased to notice me,
And sweetly smiled as cheery babes
  In tender infancy.

Acquaintances who passed me by
  When I was poor in gold,
Politely bowed, as I, at last,
  Was one of fortune's fold.

Then I was looked up to by those
  Who shunned my company
When I among the needy dwelt
  And dined with poverty.

Then friends began to multiply,
  To love and flatter me,
To wish me well and hope my days
  From trouble would be free.

When I owned a fine residence
  And could in style appear,
Then some, who used to grin, e'en dared
  To call me "Lucky Dear."

Of some account I then was thought,
  For mammon was my friend,
Who could—and promptly did—to me
  Gold's richest blessings bring.

Life's good things then I did enjoy,
And oft with sunshine strayed,
And in my "coach-and-four" rode by
Where I in childhood played.

For what like mammon's shining gold
Can set one on his feet,
Or makes him quicker noticed be
By those he loves to greet?

A BACK NUMBER.

Yes! a "back number" you'll be called—
No matter where you dwell—
If what you aim to do in life
Doth not for mammon tell;
If in the busy marts of trade
To make a mark you fail,
If you are forced to advertise
Your store and stock for sale.

Yes! a "back number" you'll be called
If you no knack possess
For making money, and you are
Obliged to poorly dress;
If 'tis, lo, in the business world
Your lot to lag behind,
While you—how hard you strive—the path
To fortune never find.

Yes! a "back number" you'll be called
As soon as it is known
That you but little money earn—
But then don't sigh and moan;

While you no progress make, the world
Don't seem to care for you,
While you know what it is to want—
No matter what you do.

Yes! a "back number" you'll be called
Wherever you may roam,
While you with those whom ill-luck damns
Are forced to find a home;
If you, in life, to prosper, fail,
And far from plenty stray,
While you pursue some calling that
The world declares, "don't pay."

I LOVE MY GOLD TOO WELL.

To-day "a rich man" I am called,
But not a generous one,
For I believe in being snug,
E'en though it causes fun;
For why should I to others give
Outside my family?
What profit I would gain thereby
I strive in vain to see.

I think more of my pocket-book
Than of a man in need,
So why ought I to kindly act
Or the half-starved to feed?
I don't care what the public says,
It matters not to me,
So long as I am justified,
Lo, from a tramp to flee.

On saving I am so intent
How could I dare to give,
When I am ready to confess

That I like misers live?
For when I have to spend a cent
I like a toper shake,
And feel as though I'd like to leap
Into an icy lake.

So friends, should I die suddenly,
Remember what I say,
I love my gold too well to give
E'en a few cents away;
For I believe in getting all
I can—and hoarding it—
E'en though among the niggardly
It be my lot to sit.

WHO JUDGE FROM THE STANDPOINT OF GOLD.

Who judge from the standpoint of gold
With pride have much to do,
And to the rules of decency
Know how to prove untrue;
For they should judge one's character
And not his bank account,
If they dare hope to drink some day
From reason's crystal fount.

Who judge from the standpoint of gold
From justice often stray,
And in the haunts of righteousness
Are rarely known to stay;
For mammon is the god they love,
That they delight to praise,
While they, alas, with eager eyes
On golden dollars gaze.

Who judge from the standpoint of gold
Have much to answer for,
When in behalf of heartless greed
They dare to madly war;
When the oppressed, for mammon's sake,
They love to bleed and grind,
And in their soul-degrading work
Do joy and pleasure find.

Who judge from the standpoint of gold
Know how to meanly act,
Because, alas! they ne'er have been
By right and honor backed;
Because 'tis character they ought
To judge and not one's gold;
Because 'tis plainly to be seen
They are to mammon sold.

HOWEVER RICH.

However rich, you can be good,
And talk and act as wisdom would;
Tho' countless thousands you possess,
You can your fellow beings bless.

However rich, you can refrain
From causing others needless pain,
And live a life worth living here,
And to your friends your name endear.

However rich, you need not be
One who makes light of poverty,
Or worship at the shrine of greed,
Nor, to please gain, your neighbors bleed.

However rich, you can shun pride,
And o'er your neighbors never ride;
And, if you will, a good life lead,
And kindness' precepts daily heed.

However rich, you can be just,
And in your heavenly Father trust,
So long as you would nobly walk
And justice' progress never balk.

However rich, do not oppress,
But follow after righteousness,
And in the ranks of those be found
Who never do the homeless hound.

However rich, you can sow seeds
That kindness loves and do good deeds;
And those whose lot in life is drear
Be not ashamed to bless and cheer.

However rich, you can refuse
The weak and friendless to abuse,
Or on the public to impose—
As he who fairly judges knows.

SHOULD YOU SOME DAY WITH WEALTH RESIDE.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
Be careful how you act,
If you would be a friend to worth,
To principle and tact.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
On pride of gold look down,
And on the whims of vanity
Be not afraid to frown.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
Do not act miserly,
And when you ought to kindly act
Have no desire to flee.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
Strive to act sensibly,
And from vain fads and foolishness
Wish to be wholly free.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
A part worth acting play,
And on the stage of life with those
Who walk uprightly, stray.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
Be on the side of right,
And ne'er your fellow-men oppress,
Or stray from justice' sight.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
With one and all be fair,
While right and honor you esteem,
And to be honest, dare.

Should you some day with wealth reside,
Be not in touch with greed,
But good advice from righteousness
Be not ashamed to heed.

WHAT FRIEND CAN DO SO MUCH FOR YOU?

What friend can do so much for you
As mammon when in need,
When pennyless and none for you

Will do a kindly deed;
When you are homeless and despised
By those who judge by gold,
When sad misfortune forces you
To sleep out in the cold?

What friend can do so much for you
When you have debts to pay,
And creditors are cross, and you
Know not, to turn, which way;
When sickness comes and you are shunned
And left, perhaps, to die,
When you forgotten by the world,
With poverty dost lie?

What friend can do so much for you,
Should you in business fail,
Or what can fill its place when you
A pauper's lot bewail;
What can make you esteemed again,
Or set you on your feet,
Or cause the world to bow and smile
Like friends you used to greet?

What friend can make you sweeter smile,
Or bow so oft to you,
Or to your interests cause friends
To be so just and true;
And, when at last to death you bow,
And you have said "good-bye,"
What can for your remains so grand
A mausoleum buy?

YES, IF.

If you in life fail to succeed
When scrambling after gold,
Don't be surprised when you some day
Are left out in the cold.

If you in money-making fail,
The world will pass you by,
And think you as important, lo!
As a down-hearted fly.

If you a dollar rarely see,
Who then dost care for you?
The proud and prosperous?—oh, no!
A very, very few.

If you for want of means are forced
To in the background keep,
Who cares among the slaves to gold.
Tho' you with squalor sleep?

If you are good, or otherwise—
No matter what you do—
While you but little money earn
The world don't care for you.

Couplet.

Of fortune's sons why envious be,
While you wish to act sensibly?

THE LOVE OF GOLD.

The love of gold can cause one to
A fellow being slay,
And coax him from the paths of right

To wander far away;
Unless he treads in Jesus' steps
And with the upright walks,
Or in the spotless chairs of right
And honor daily rocks.

The love of gold can cause one to
Look down on charity,
And even force his callous heart
To become miserly;
And even ruin one's character
And mar a worthy name,
And to a bright and cheery home
Bring trouble, hate and shame.

The love of gold can cause one to
A tyrant's part play well,
And force dishonest men, for gain,
Their souls to meanness sell;
Since naught can make the greedy act,
Alas! so heartlessly
Toward those who are obliged to toil
And battle poverty.

The love of gold, when wed to pride,
Can slight the wise and good,
If they are poor and rarely act
As right and goodness would;
For none can more absurdly act
Than one whom gold puffs up,
Who with the vain and foppish few
Is often seen to sup.

MONEY AND OLD-AGE.

If you are old and wealthy, too.
The world for you will care,
And seek your company so long
As you do richly fare;
For money makes the aged seem
More pleasing to the eye,
When they have much of this world's goods—
For what so many sigh.

If you are old and wealthy, too,
You'll ne'er neglected be
By those who love to flatter gold
And sneer at poverty;
But you will have a welcome warm
Wherever you may go,
While money is the thing the world
Esteems the most, you know.

If you are old and wealthy, too,
The world will bow to you,
And in your pathway, night and day,
The seeds of flattery strew;
For then you are of some account,
Your neighbors love to think,
Whom from the bitter fount of greed
Are not ashamed to drink.

If you are old and wealthy, too,
Your friends will sweetly smile,
And love with you whene'er they can,
An idle hour to while;

And never call you "burdensome,"
But on you gladly wait,
And toward you civil act, like one
Who knocks at justice' gate.

MY GREEDY HEIRS.

Now I am dead and gone, I hope
My heirs are satisfied,
Since they declared, long 'ere I did,
"He should have sooner died,"
As they thought more about my gold
Than they e'er did of me,
Tho' they my smiling countenance
Seemed always glad to see.

My greedy heirs are feasting now
On what I labored for
From early morn till late at night,
When trying days I saw,
And laughing in their sleeves, because
At last I'm out of sight—
As I should be—since I on earth
Was very, very tight.

The poor are better off, I think,
Tho' some wish they were dead,
When they with poverty are forced
To daily make their bed;
So my gold-loving heirs, I'm sure,
Will not mourn long for me,
But rather loudly celebrate—
I was so miserly.

I was so very close on earth
I might as well be here,

For whom, I now believe, my heirs
Have never shed a tear;
And why should they, I'd like to know,
When they longed for my death,
While night and day they hoped and prayed
That I would lose my breath?

WHILE YOU HAVE MONEY.

You never need to friendless be,
Or shake the hand of poverty,
While you have money.

You can with plenty always dine
And clothing wear that's rich and fine,
While you have money.

You can sometimes with gold be free
And give to aid humanity,
While you have money.

You can a stranger be to debt
And shining greenbacks often pet,
While you have money.

You can in your own home abide
And with the prosperous daily ride,
While you have money.

You can be thought more of than one
Who never saw prosperity's sun,
While you have money.

You can for worthy objects give,
And in the haunts of affluence live,
While you have money.

You can be flattered and admired
Till you of foolishness are tired,
While you have money.

You can the innocent betray
And lure them from the right away.
While you have money,

You can the cause of goodness aid
And be a power in marts of trade,
While you have money.

You can oppress or justice woo,
Or widely seeds of kindness strew,
While you have money.

I'M CALLED A GENTLEMAN.

Because I great possessions own
And in a mansion dwell,
Because I fashionably dress
And look so very swell,
I'm called "a gentleman."

While I in costly coaches ride
With multi-millionaires,
And I can chum and feast with one
Who always richly fares,
I'm called "a gentleman."

While fortune on me sweetly smiles,
And I am living on
The interest of my gold, and I
Can blow on plenty's horn,
I'm called "a gentleman."

E'en when I do not live and act
As right and honor would,
E'en when 'tis known that I dislike
To labor to do good,
I'm called "a gentleman."

When I from goodness' paths depart
And sneer at honesty,
While I can like a monarch live
E'en then by some, by gee!
I'm called "a gentleman."

But, oh! if e'er my fortune flees,
And I my bills can't pay,
Then, truthfully, I must confess,
I could no longer say,
I'm called "a gentleman."

THO' TALENTED OR NOT.

Tho' talented or not, if you
Among the needy dwell,
But few among your fellow-men
Will stop to wish you well;
When keenly pierce the pangs of want
But few will notice you,
But rather wish your humble name
On earth they never knew.

Tho' talented or not, if you
No influence possess,
If you are poor in this world's goods—
Tho' rich in righteousness,
But few will stoop to notice you,

Unless to meanly grin
At your expense, and often swear
That "poverty is sin."

Tho' talented or not, but few
Will lend a helping hand
If you, alas! belong to sad
Misfortune's luckless band;
While fortune frowns upon your lot
And you're unknown to fame,
But few, indeed, will notice you,
Tho' spotless be your name.

Tho' talented or not, if you
Are cursed by penury,
Friends will be few, so long as you
Know not prosperity;
So long as you are poorly dressed
But few will bow to you,
No matter what your talents are—
No matter what you do.

UNJUSTLY SLIGHTED.

[A Dialogue.]

John—Why do you never visit me
Or wish your friend of old to see?

Charles—Because you dress so shabbily
And dine so oft with poverty.

John—Why do you slight me everywhere
And never think of my welfare?

Charles—Because, like me, you cannot show
A bank account—as you well know.

John—When I was well-to-do, you shook
My hand and in my face would look.

Charles—When you had gold, I must admit,
With you I want ashamed to sit.

John—When I had gold and could in style
Appear, at me you loved to smile.

Charles—This solemn fact I can't deny,
For then I bowed when we passed by.

John—Then in my company you felt
At home and with me kindly dealt.

Charles—Well, you are poor enough to-day
To make me wish you far away.

John—By gold and style you judge, I see,
And not as goodness, righteously.

Charles—I'm like the world that loves to slight
The poor—though it be wrong or right.

John—The world lauds those who wealth possess
And in the height of fashion dress.

Charles—I can't deny what you have said,
Because, by pride, I own I'm led.

John—'Tis pride of gold that makes you slight
One who would for your welfare fight.

Charles—Ay, ay! this is the real cause
That makes me tread on justice' laws.

John—If I was well supplied with gold
I would not be out in the cold.

Charles—Then I would quickly call on you
And to your interests be true.

THE MODEL BUSINESS MAN.

[From the moral standpoint.]

The model business man is one
Who stands by honesty
In sunshine and in storm, and from
The right would never flee;
Who ne'er becomes a slave to greed
Nor blindly worships gold,
But lives like one who has for gain
His conscience never sold.

Who is a foe to shameless graft,
Wherever he may dwell,
Whose actions night and day for truth
And justice wisely tell,
Refusing to be bribed—how rich,
How great the briber be,
But daily walking in the steps
Of those from meanness free.

Who never dares to basely steal,
Or to misrepresent,
Nor e'en the rich or poor, out of
A cent, would ever cheat;
Whose word can be depended on
In dark or sunny hours—
Whose honest methods none condemn—
On whom fall justice' showers.

Who never takes advantage of
  Or others dare oppress,
But to fair-dealing is a friend
  That stands by righteousness;
Who daily strives to justly live,
  As worth and honor would,
And never longs to wander from
  The worthy and the good.

NO CHANGE IN ME.

Now fortune at me sweetly smiles
And I with wealth can dine,
And easily a banker's check
  For thousands quickly sign;
No change in me, my neighbors say,
  Has come in consequence,
Since I have in a mansion dwelt
    And called on wealthy gents;

For why should gold cause me to slight
  The friends I used to know,
And, consequently, cause me to
  The seeds of folly sow?
So I shall not unjustly act
  And play the part of fool,
Till I forget what I once learned
  In wise instruction's school.

Why should I change for mammon's sake,
  As shallow minds have done,
And for those who have better sense
  An object be for fun,
When I was wiser taught at home

By one I dearly prize,
Whose hallowed memory to my heart
Is bound by filial ties?

However wealthy I become
I'll not old friends e'er slight
So long as I shall wisely act
And battle for the right;
While I am not a slave to pride,
To gold and foolishness,
While I my fellow-men, than harm,
Had rather cheer and bless.

THE YOUNG DO WELL.

The young do well when they refuse
To squander gold,
When they shun those who have their souls
To mammon sold.

The young do well when they would not
Act niggardly,
When they on saving are intent
That they may prosperous be.

The young do well who see that gold
Don't puff them up,
When they act sensibly and quaff
From wisdom's cup.

The young do well, indeed, when they
For others feel,
When they for gold refuse to lie,
To cheat and steal.

A TOUCHING DIALOGUE.

Tom—We used to play together, Ben,
In childhood—long ago,
In a fair country town, where pinks
And daisies grow.

Ben—Oh, yes! I know full well we did,
And pleasant days were spent
Where nature's charms can bless and cheer
And we were quite content.

Tom—'Tis true, indeed, we were quite pleased
To live a simple life,
For we were happy strangers then
To greed's unrighteous strife.

Ben—We thought of play, and not of gold,
Of having a good time,
When in our purses we could not
E'en find a silver dime.

Tom—Years, memory loves to cherish so,
Passed rapidly away,
And now to-day one ne'er would think
I used with you to play.

Ben—'Tis true, those golden days have passed
And we no longer meet
On the same level, or e'en bow
When passing on the street.

Tom—To-day the world is wont to judge
One by his gold and style,
So, should you speak to one so poor
It might provoke a smile.

Ben—An old friend I dislike to slight,
But gold makes me feel proud,
So, I suppose there'll be no change
Till I have donned the shroud.

Couplet.

Purse-pride is not in touch with common sense,
Nor longs to climb o'er understanding's fence.

QUARTRAIN.

Who slights the worthy to
Please pride of gold,
Deserves some day to sleep
Out in the cold.

QUARTRAIN.

How gold can puff the empty-minded up
And cause a fool to boast,
And stimulate the simpletons who cruise
Along vain folly's coast!

Couplet.

One may make money and disgrace his name,
And recklessly his friends and neighbors shame.

Couplet.

Who, but a fool, admires a summer friend,
Or would to him their purses gladly lend?

Couplet.

Money can seeds of hatred sow,
And cause men to strike a death blow.

QUARTRAIN.

Money can force rich relatives
At their poor kin to grin,
Thus forcing them against their will
To be in touch with sin.

QUARTRAIN.

One can be rich and kindly seem,
Or poor and selfish act,
Or those who wisely live are not
In touch with right and tact.

Couplet.

Not all who wed for gold find happiness,
Or those who grind the poor the lowly bless.

Quartrains.

Not all whom fortune favors most
Are fond of doing good,
Or long to play a noble part
In life as goodness would.

Far from dishonesty reside
And never dare to cheat,
If you in goodness' fields, than tares,
Had rather garner wheat.

To aid the interests of sin
Your gold refuse to give,
While you with those who wisely walk
Desire to daily live.

Couplet.

Beware of those who never give,
If you desire to nobly live.

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